Ferd. Berowne is like an enuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne Infants of the Spring.
Ber. Well, say I am, why should proud Summer boast,
Before the birds haue any cause to sing?
Why should I ioy in any abortiue birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled showes:
But like of each thing that in season growes.
So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate.
Fer. Well, sit you out, goe home *Berowne*: adue.
Ber. No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you:
And though I haue for Barbarisme spoke more,
Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
And bide the penance of each three yeares daye.
Giue me the paper, let me reade the same,
And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.
Fer. How well this yeelding rescues thee from shame.
Ber. Item. That no woman shall come within a mile of my Court.
Hath this beene proclaimed?
Lon. Foure dayes agoe.
Ber. Let's see the penaltie.
On paine of loosing her tongue.
Who deuis'd this penaltie?
Lon. Marry that did I.
Ber. Sweete Lord, and why?
Lon. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
A dangerous law against gentilitie.
Item, If any man be seene to talke with a woman within the tearme of three yeeres, he shall endure such publike shame, as the rest of the Court shall possibly deuise.
Ber. This Article my Liedge your selfe must breake,
For well you know here comes in Embassie
The *French* Kings daughter, with your selfe to speake:
A Maide of grace and compleate maiestie,
About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*:
To her decrepit, sicke, and bed-rid Father,

Therefore

Therefore this article is made in vaine,
Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.
Fer. What say you Lords?
Why, this was quite forgot.
Ber. So studie euermore is ouershot,
While it doth study to haue what it would,
It doth forget to doe the thing it should:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as townes with fire, so won, so lost.
Fer. Wee must of force dispence with this Decree,
She must lye here on meere necessity.
Ber. Necessity will make vs both forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For euery man with his affects is borne,
Not by might mastred, but by speciall grace.
If I breake faith, this word shall breake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to others as to mee:
But I beleeue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quickere creation granted?
Fer. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of *Spaine*,
A man in all the worlds new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
One, who the Musicke of his owne vaine tongue,
Doth rauish like inchanting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpire of their mutinie.
This childe of fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate.
In high-borne words the worth of many a Knight:
From tawny *Spaine* lost in the worlds debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstrelsie.

Bero.